the accidental bump into each other

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the accidental bump into each other

by ThatGayWriter

Summary

Self-indulgent high school au where Will likes to adopt stray dogs into his home and he bumps into the new mysterious student at his school; romance and chaos ensues. A story where Will likes to sleepwalk and Hannibal has deep secrets only he knows. Featuring oblivious Will Graham, over-protective best friend Alana Bloom, a love struck Hannibal Lecter, and a speculation of other characters.

Notes

hope this story goes well
kudos + comments are greatly appreciated <33

chapter one

Will ran his hands down the seams of his jeans, drumming his fingers methodically on his thighs. Alana was walking with him, both of them swarming through the sea of highschoolers to get to their lockers.

Alana adjusted the straps of her bag on her shoulders and tapped on his ear. He took out one of his earbuds and tilted his head towards her questioningly.

“Have you heard of the new guy that’s transferred here?” She asked. He shrugged his shoulders awkwardly, continuing to tap out the rhythms of the songs on his leg with his left hand.

“Yeah, apparently he became captain of the swim team in less than a week.” he said, rolling his eyes. Alana laughed, shoving him jokingly. “Jealous much? Anyway, I also heard that he’s some genius, quiet rich kid from Europe, and has cheekbones to die for.” She winked at him and cocked her eyebrows at him. He let out a laugh, elbowing her lightly.

“Haha, great joke there Al, but I think I’m good without a rich bitch boyfriend, also, I think that would require for me to be social. Why don't you go find that girl you stalk almost all the time when you're not with me.” Alana gasped and slapped his arm. “Hey, that was the one time! I told you that in confidence.” They made it to their lockers, and Will turned to put his books away.

“It’s not my fault you don’t have the balls to ask Margot out! You two keep doing those eye-fuck sessions, and it’s getting kinda creepy.” he said, giving her a pointed look.

“Oh shut it Graham, go find some stray dogs in the street to obsess over. I have class now, smell you later.” She waved over her shoulder, and he proceeded to stick his tongue out at her.

He laughed, grabbing the books he needed for his next class and put his earbuds back in. He heard the noise of the hallway chatter begin to die down, introducing the quiet songs to fill up his ears, and he sighed in relief. He shut his locker, opened the top book of his stack to the first page and started to walk around the school, seeing as he had a free period.

Will tuned out his surroundings, too interested in what he’s reading to notice the person he just stumbled into.

They both crashed down to the floor, with the unidentified person’s hot coffee spilling all over Will. “Ow, shit that stings!” Will yelped.

The other person started babbling apologies whilst picking up both of their books, but Will was too busy to notice as he was staring at the person he accidentally tripped into. It was the new European guy that Al was ranting about, and she was right, he did have cheekbones to die for.

Will stood up and cringed when he felt the coffee drenched into his shirt. “Hey, sorry, it was my fault, I didn’t see where I was going.” he said, and offered his hand to the European guy- Will still didn’t know his name- who stopped apologising and was just gazing at Will with an unrecognisable expression on his face, not bothering to take his hand.

Will shifted on his feet and took one of his earbuds out, huffing exaggeratedly. “Hello? Look, it’s no big deal, just give me my books, I have places to be.” He moved to snatch his books back but the new guy seemed to break out of his haze and stuck his hand out to stop Will.

“No, ah. Sorry, I believe we’ve got off on the wrong foot.” He got up off the floor by himself and rubbed his neck anxiously. “Apologies for ruining your shirt, I’ll pay for the dry cleaning.”

Will huffed a laugh out, “Don’t bother, thanks anyway. I’ll just grab a spare one from the lost and found.” He reached for his books again, and started heading for the office.

As he turned to a different corridor, the new guy quickly grabbed his arm. “Actually, might I accompany you to the office? It’s the least I could do after, well, you know,” he sputtered out, ducking his head and Will could’ve sworn he was blushing.

“Um yeah, if you want I suppose,” he said, tugging his arm free. They started walking side by side, the hallway almost empty by now. Will fidgeted with the nails of his fingers, unsure what to say. After what felt like an eternity, the new guy finally broke the awkward silence with an introduction. “My name’s Hannibal, Hannibal Lecter. I don’t think I actually caught yours.”

Will slapped his hand around his mouth, unable to stop the sharp laugh that came out of his mouth. Hannibal gave him a confused glance. “May I ask what you find funny about that?” Will chuckled again, “Sorry, uh, but you do realise your name rhymes with ‘cannibal’, that’s hilarious man.” he laughed.

Hannibal cocked his head to one side, before agreeing. “Huh, I guess I never really thought about that,” he said, laughing softly to himself, “,I still didn’t get your name?” Will nodded. “Oh, uh- yeah. I’m- My name is Will. Graham. Will Graham. Forgot you’re new here. By the way, how do you like it here so far?” He raised an arm, gesturing around the school.

Hannibal glanced around for a moment, giving Will another one of his unreadable glances before answering. “It's- it’s not that different I suppose.” Will laughed, bumping him with his shoulders. “Could be worse, huh?” Hannibal smiled, fiddling with the sleeves of his Belstaff jacket, “I suppose.”

“Forgive me for asking, but are you a William or a Wilfred?” Will readjusted his strap on his shoulder. “Uhm, neither, it’s Will. Just Will.” he said. Hannibal looked surprised. “Oh, your mother must be a very simple woman then.”

Will stopped, looking at Hannibal dumbfounded, “Excuse me, but I chose it myself. Besides, you can’t say much with a name like yours,” he chuckled, shaking his head, shoving Hannibal slightly with a soft push. Hannibal had a confused reaction on his face before a moment of realisation came across his face. He turned a light shade of pink and had the

decency to look sheepish. “I-ah, I truly meant no offence Will,” he said apologetically. Will shrugged. “Nothing to say sorry about, you didn’t know, it’s cool. Don’t worry about it.”

They finally made it to the office, and Will handed Hannibal his books before taking off his coffee-drenched shirt and heading towards the lost and found closet. He waved to the reception, and explained about the shirt issue. She nodded, letting him wander through the rack of items of cloth wear before finding something that would fit.

He asked Hannibal if one of the flannels would look okay but he caught Hannibal flicking his eyes from Will’s face at his chest wear quite frequently. “Okay, seriously dude, what’s your problem? Never seen a binder before asshole?” Will clenched his jaw with annoyance, putting on a plain grey shirt.

Hannibal rushed to apologise, “No, uhm, my apologies, I was simply thinking about the amount of techniques one can use to minimise their chest. Sorry, that must’ve made me look like a total asshat.” he said with a sigh. “Oh yeah, you’re one of those really smart guys aren’t you.” Will said, intrigued as Hannibal passed his books back to him.

He nodded in agreement, “Well you can blame that on my mother’s unnecessary extra tutoring on most of my subjects.” Hannibal rolled his eyes from his mother’s educational torture. “Well from your facial expression, I’m guessing you don’t like it that much,” Will chuckled. The school bell buzzed, signalling time for his next lesson. “Well, erm, bye then.” he said, with an awkward wave and walked away.

He started off towards his next lesson and tossed his shirt into a bin as he passed. He was about to put his earbuds back in until he heard the squeak of shoes rushing up to him, and soon Hannibal was next to him again.

“Erm, you know you don’t have to follow me around anymore, you have paid up your end of the debt,” he said, side-eyeing him. Hannibal turned bright red, “Oh, no, this isn’t, wait let me just-” he reached into his bag and pulled out his class schedule, showing Will that they were heading for the same class. Once Will saw, he nodded in realisation and shoved his earbuds back in. Hannibal had a relieved expression written on his face that he didn’t initiate further conversation between the two of them, and they eventually made it to class.

Will slipped into his normal seat in the back of the class by the window, surprised to see Hannibal chose the one closest to the door, like a diagonal line between them.

As the lesson droned one, Will was ,unsurprisingly, bored. He was already advanced in maths so his lesson was more of a formality. As he fidgeted with his earbud cords, he snuck a glance at Hannibal who looked like he was working on something.

He craned his neck to get a better look, Will expected a page of complex notes and mathematical equations- what he wasn’t expecting was an amazing detailed sketch of his own face. Will’s eyes widened, surprised at how good a drawer he was, it was like he was staring through a mirror. He was too absorbed in watching Hannibal work the art to perfection that he didn’t realise the bell had rung until Hannibal had gotten up to go and gather his things.

He made eye contact with Will directly. At that moment, he knew he had been caught. A light blush gathered across his prominent cheekbones. He snapped his notebook shut and rushed to put his things away. Will stood abruptly, walking over to Hannibal's desk. He twirled his finger around the cord of his earphones , like he always does, eyes scanning Hannibal's desk.

"Hey, I, er, saw the drawing you were doing, and I just wanted to say that it looks magnificent and I think you're amazing at art. Also, I'm flattered." He paused, a little smile coming across his face, glancing up at Hannibal. "The first time we meet and you're already wasting your art skills on this ugly mug? That's pretty fucking cool."

He stopped shoving the things in his bag, pausing as what Will said comprehended into his brain. Wordlessly, he opened his notebook and ripped out the sketch of Will. He scribbled something onto it, and swiftly shoved it into Will's hand before speed walking out.

Will was just standing there, brain in complete shock, stunned out of what just occurred. He looked more closely at paper in his hand, the sketch capturing Will's face in a mid-laugh, an expression of carefree drawn onto his features. He hadn't seen himself look like that before, he looked sort of….nice.

He scanned the bottom of the page, seeing Hannibal's Victorian-looking handwriting. There was a signature which he assumed was Hannibal's, with a phone number, and a statement saying 'This here proves you're not an ugly mug, H. Lecter :)' A smile had made its way onto Will's face, he felt loopy in his stomach. Will quickly pulled out his phone and added Hannibal's number into his contacts. He sent a quick text 'hey, its will :p'. He chuckled, put his earbuds back in and headed out back into the halls, thinking about the events that had just occurred.

chapter two

Chapter Summary

hannibal is so gay in this chapter

Hannibal sat in the driver's seat of the car, tossing his bag onto the passenger side of the car. He pulled his phone out from his trouser pocket, opening his messages for what felt like the millionth time since he gave his number to Will.

Smiling at the notification that popped up on his lockscreen, "hey, it's will" , Hannibal read the message over and over again, feeling his face heating up. He hadn't even meant to bump into Will today, literally, and he was still amazed at how beautiful the boy was, and amazed at the situation that had happened.

He stared at the message, drumming his fingers idly against the steering wheel with excitement, he went into school expecting a normal day like any other, and he left school with his crush's phone number? He was still a bit startled to be honest.

He sighed, blinking hard and put his phone down into the cup holder and turned the radio on. He switched through songs and pulled out of the school parking lot to go home.

After an uneventful drive home, he pulled into the driveway at his aunt's estate, parking and heading into the main house. Chiyoh and Mischa were in the kitchen; Mischa attempting to do maths homework, and Chiyoh sitting on the counter peeling an apple off with a knife.

"Hann, you're home! How was school today?" said Mischa, smiling at him from the kitchen with her books sprawled over everywhere. Hannibal shrugged, walking over to the fridge, pulling out a drink of lemonade and setting it on the counter.

"It was okay Mischa, how was your day? Make any friends?" He asked, getting a glass to pour the lemonade into.

"The classes were a bore, but me and Chiyoh actually did make a friend!" she exclaimed, as Chiyoh rolled her eyes. "No, you made a new friend, I was just in the background." she said. Mischa laughed, poking her shoulders. "I'm glad you were there, otherwise, if you weren't, how would we make any friends? Someone has to do it for you. Anyway, her name's Abigail! She seems pretty nice."

Hannibal shook his head fondly, giving Mischa's head a pat and gave a wave to Chiyoh as he left the kitchen with his bag and his drink of lemonade. Chiyoh shouted "Byee!" before going back to her apple.

He slowly walked up the never-ending stairs to his room, shutting the door with his foot behind him.

He sighed, setting the class onto his desk before collapsing onto his bed dramatically. He threw his arm over his head thoughtfully, overwhelmed with what happened at school. He got up with a huff and wrestled out his phone from his over-packed bag and re-opened his messages. He sat up, confused over what to reply with, pinching the bridge of his nose. Somehow, a ‘hey, everyone think’s im the new kid but im not, im transgender and just got my name recently changed- also, i already knew your name because ive thought about you every single day and i cant get you out my head and i might have a little crush on you’ didn’t seem like the right thing to say at the time at the time. He typed and deleted several responses before coming up with a simple ‘hey will, i’m glad you texted me :>’.

After a few moments, a notification popped onto his phone with a response from Will saying:

‘Why wouldn’t i, yk, i’m not that scary :<’

‘Really, well that's not what i hear’

“Kind of a rude thing to say to someone you just met :/’

He rolled his eyes at that statement.

“Oh yeah? Who says i’m not scarier than you ;)’

He smirked to himself with acknowledgement from the message he just sent. He huffed a laugh as he put his phone on the desk momentarily to get changed out of his school clothes. After a few minutes passed, a ringing noise filled up his silent room. He was slightly confused as he hadn’t been expecting any calls at this hour; he turned to look at who it was on his phone. It was Will. He accepted it slowly, anxiety crawling up his spine, unable to think of what to say.

“....Erm, hello?” Will’s sweet voice crackled over the line. Hannibal cleared his voice sharply before answering.

“Hello, Will. I was just wondering why you have called me?”

He heard a soft sigh, seeming as if Will had been holding his breath.

“Oh– uh, I was just seeing if you would actually answer, to be honest with you.”

“Why wouldn’t I? Correct me if I’m wrong but wouldn’t it be foolish if I ignore your attempts to contact me. As that is why I gave you my number.”

“Oh god, you sound like you ate a dictionary,” Will groaned.

Hannibal laughed, cheeks hurting from smiling so much. They continued to talk about things on their mind, mostly nothing, for example: Will’s dogs, how much he enjoyed fishing, his love for welding, Hannibal being flattered from his artwork, saying he will do more sketches of Will because it’s the only thing he enjoys looking at, etc.

Finally Will had to go, he said something about helping his dad fix the oil pan in his truck, which Hannibal assumed was quite important, so they said their goodbyes.

After hanging up, Hannibal realised he had been sitting in the same position, legs crossed on the bed leaning his back on the headboard, since the phone call. He supposed he could stretch his legs, seeing as his lemonade drink had been forgotten about, which had been covered at the bottom with a ring of condensation. He went to clean it up, hoping to whatever God is out there, it didn’t leave a ring stain.

Once the mess was cleaned, he took a moment to proceed. He rubbed his neck back and forth, hoping to relieve the stress and anxiety built up there, rethinking about the events that had passed. It was something in his imagination that had occurred, he quickly pinched himself, to make sure he wasn’t sucked in with a fantasy dream. Nope, it was all real. Just as he was sitting down and starting his homework, his phone buzzed with a notification from Will.

“Hey, it was nice to talking to you, we should hang out after school sometime, also, you have beautiful cheekbones’

A slight flush came across his face, he couldn’t wait.

chapter three

Chapter Summary

Will suffers through a hard time in class.
tw panic attack (not sure if many people have this tw, but i just wanted to be safe incase)
tw softie hannibal <333333

Chapter Notes

hey! i hope you all are enjoying it so far
any suggestions for things to happen in future chapters would be awesome :D
i appreciate the kudos + comments sm thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Running his hands through his dishevelled brown hair, trying to tame it before he walks into the halls of his school, he was nodding his head around to the beat of the song playing into his eardrums. Giving up on his unruly hair, he saw Alana rush towards him, unable to contain the excitement on her face. She slapped the earbuds out of his ears, “Erm, Will! Have something you need to tell me?” she said, with a cocky smile on her face.

He had a confused face written onto his expression, shrugging his shoulders and picking the earbuds back up from dangling on the floor, suspecting she’ll scream about it in a few seconds. “Do you want to tell me why I saw you and the new guy ,with the sharp and fabulous cheekbones that I just want to touch for some weird reason, walking with each other when you had a free period? And I know this because while I was in my stupid, boring physics class, I saw you both lurking around the office? Spill the beans now, pretty please.” she declared, gesturing her hands around, attracting the attention of a few stray people at the gates.

He blushed, rolling his eyes,”Would you care to be a bit more quiet so the whole school doesn’t hear?” she chuckled at that part, “and his name is Hannibal, by the way.” he ducked his head down, feeling hotness spread around his cheeks. Alana gaped, eagerness slipping into her reaction,”So it is true! Oh my god, you’ve got to tell me everything, literally.” she jumped up and down, slapping his arm repeatedly.

“I will if you stop abusing me.” he chuckled, thinking about what transpired yesterday. She stopped and put her hands by her side, “Okay, it started off with bumping into each other and he accidentally spilt hot coffee over me, then he walked me to the lost and found box for a new shirt,” he heard Alana snicker, cocking her eyebrow at him, “then we had next class

together, and I saw he was sketching me," she slapped her hand over her mouth after hearing that, whispering 'shut up' under her voice. "I know! That was literally my reaction as well." He beamed with adoration for the taller boy, "Oh my god Al, you should've seen it, he's so good at it, I could watch him sketch for hours, I would pay just to see him draw," Will heard her clearing her voice and giving him a pointed look, a sly blush passed across his rosy cheeks "Um, and then he gave it to me with his phone number, and we called last night." He smiled fondly, remembering Hannibal's voice and his wholesome laugh. He sighed, shaking his head out of the continuous daydream.

"Haha, I can see you're smitten, oh my god, I can feel the gayness already," Alana said, walking to their first lesson. Will rolled his eyes, putting his earbuds away into his pockets, seeing as Al will keep yapping about it. "So, did you hug, kiss, hold hands? Please tell me you at least walked into each other for some form of physical touch." she said, with a pleading look. He huffed a laugh and raised an eyebrow; "Yeah actually, we skipped straight to the getting laid part, for your information," Will said, his voice laced with sarcasm, whilst turning a corner in the spaced out school-corridors. Alana slapped his arm playfully, hearing his mockery tone.

"You know, I wonder when will be the day where you go a day without being your sarcastic usual self," Alana pondered, with her books sprawled into her arms. "Yeah but who will be here to annoy you?" Will said, poking the sides into her stomach, making her laugh from being tickled.

After a few more minutes of walking aimlessly around the school, there was a 'ping' heard from Al's phone, which held her interest. She slowly grinned and stifled a laugh after reading the message and Will frowned in confusion. "What is it?" he asked. She looked back up to his face, and he quickly looked down to avoid the pressuring eye contact. "Okay, so…Oh gosh, how do I say this?" she said (mostly to herself), tilting her head. Will continued to stay silent, waiting for Alana to conjure up an answer. "Right, so listen to this. You know Margot?" she mentioned. His eyebrows shot up in amusement. "You mean the girl you've had eyes on basically since middle school, and you like to creepily stalk her and you somehow know her whole timetable, which means you know which routes to go around the school to 'accidentally' walk into her so you can have a polite 10 second conversation with her and do the exact same thing the next day because you don't have the balls to ask for her number? That one?" Will said, exhaling after running out of breath. She admitted with a nod, rolling her eyes with amusement to try and hide the embarrassing flush coming to attack her face.

"Erm, she…kind of…asked for my number. Yesterday. For help with homework." Alana mumbled, swallowing down the uncertainty. Will barked out a laugh, unable to imagine the events that passed for his best friend. "You're joking?! Man, this is unbelievable." he expressed, "You know, I think the 'homework' reason was just an excuse. I mean, with the way you look at each other, that's a match made in heaven right there." Al shrugged and weakly smiled at Will. "Apparently her brother got charged for animal cruelty and her parents have made him move to some other country with his relatives." Will widened his eyes at the information he had just been given. "Some family problems, huh?" he said. Alana agreed with a nod and made no attempt to regain the conversation; they fell into a comfortable silence.

Will took his bag off his shoulder and wrestled his phone out to see if there had been any notifications from the mysterious boy, he frowned with disappointment as he saw there were none so far. He placed his phone into his pocket, debating whether to message him first, or just wait it out and expect to see the taller boy soon. Even though he has only been aware of his existence yesterday, he could feel this invisible, gripping rope yanking him towards Hannibal, wanting to get to know him better, and wanting to be with him, spend time with him. It's embarrassing to admit, but he spent the last minutes of his night gazing at the drawing, touching the lines of the skilled art as if he was touching Hannibal's beautiful, chiselled face through the paper.

The school bell went off, making him jump out of his daydreaming, also slightly hurting his ears, the rest of the noise being blocked out from his earphones. Alana turned to him, re-adjusting her mountain of books nearly as high as her face, "I have English now, if there's any…gossip,", winking at him, and Will rolling his eyes at her,"remember to tell me. Please? Okay?" She said with a begging tone. "Do you just want to know the events of my exciting, totally interesting life to fill up the hole of your boring, suffocating life? You absolutely don't have the love of your life's number in your phone right now and you could shoot your shot." Will said, with a condescending tone, distracted by getting his books out his bag. "Yeah but I don't want to be embarrassed by misreading her signals." She said, with a jokingly sad sign written into her expression. "Awh Al, don't worry, you have the rest of your life to go for it." He commented back, slapping his hand onto her shoulder in a friendly gesture with a big smile plastered onto his face. "Alright, I have music now, lick you later." Will said, sticking his tongue out and walking to his class. He heard Alana laugh behind him and he smiled.

Walking into the class with his head down, he went on his way to his usual desk in the corner at the back (basically his seat for all his classes) trying not to attract the attention of others. He tugged his bag off his shoulder and tossed it into the floor, trapped between his chair and the desk. The noise in the class began to itch and claw at his brain; he leaned his head on the table with his arm shielding out everyone, hoping for the ear splitting noises to quieten down. Will squeezed his eyes shut, trying not to break down in the middle of class. His leg was uncontrollably shaking. Every nerve on his body felt like they were on fire, his breathing started getting out of hand. He could feel the sweat cling and attach to his body at every chance. All he needs to do is stop panicking. "Shut up, just please shut up. Stop. I can't think," he whispered, without realising who was sitting next to him.

All of a sudden there was a foreign hand rubbing his back up and down. "Hey, you don't look so good. Do you want to get out of here before the teacher shows up? Find somewhere quieter?" Will gasped and blinked, out of surprise, trying to swallow the clumps of anxiety wanting to climb out of his mouth. He had no time to be shocked at Hannibal's appearance, and nodded his consent to go somewhere more peaceful. He quiveringly advanced out of his chair, and Hannibal had his arm around Will if he needed support - it felt kind of… comforting. As he evacuated his way out of the haunting class, he could feel the other pupils'

eyes ogling him, feeling as if he was stripped naked to his soul, for everyone to see - he hated, no, he loathed that feeling, the feeling of vulnerability, like he was exposed to the most hideous parts of himself that are locked away only for himself to see, with only his eyes. No one else's.

As soon as they escaped the stressful room, they entered the toilets and Will launched across the lavatory and leaned onto the sink, hearing his rapid breathing. Staring at himself in the reflected mirror, he couldn't bear the sight of himself. He splashed some cold water on his face, even though it didn't help much (or at all) . Impending doom started pounding on the door to all of Will's senses. He couldn't keep up with his hyperventilating. He hadn't realised he passed down onto the floor of the bathroom, back leaning against the cool tiles. His heart won't slow down. His mind is freaking out, his palms are clammy and sweaty. Will looks down at his hands. They won't stop shaking. He keeps panicking. Nothing will stop it.
His vision disfigured, as if he was looking through a fish-eye lens. The figure of Hannibal in front of him was barely distinguishable but he could make out his lips moving, trying to ground him back into reality.

"Will? Can you hear me?" he said.

"I-I can't - breathe. What-" gasp, "- What's happening-" another gasp, "- to me?" he said, grasping his neck as he was fighting for breath.

"This is a panic attack. It won't last long, you can get through this." Hannibal reassured. "Breath with me, in, out, in out." he said, arms gesturing the actions whilst Will was attempting to follow his instructions.

It didn't help.

"Will. Will. Stay with me. Can you hear me?" Will nodded frantically. "Will, can I touch you?" Hannibal asked.
"Ye- Yes please." he pleaded, his eyes zipped shut with salty tears running down his face.

The next thing Hannibal does surprises immensely. He finds the taller boy's arms clasping around his own body, squeezing him tightly. He didn't know how to react, overwhelmed with what had just occurred. The arms around him felt comforting, like they were protecting him from the rest of the world, just locked up with only Will and Hannibal. He relaxed into the hug, slowly putting his arms around Hannibal, the feeling of passion and intimacy taking over his whirlwind of thoughts.

Will's breathing started gradually becoming balanced, he could hardly hear his heartbeat pumping in his eardrums. All he could think, feel, sense was the loving embrace. Will had been hugged before, but not like this since his mother passed. There was something so warm, something that felt right, smelt right. He let his body sag, his muscles becoming loose. In that embrace he felt his worries lose their keen sting; we are born to flow, to feel our love and that around us become a river in the ether. And in these hugs, these moments of togetherness, we are at the centre of our own divine vortex.

“Is this okay?” Hannibal mumbled, rubbing Will’s back ever so slightly.

“It’s perfect. Thank you. For this.” Will shyly said, removing himself from the boy slowly, losing himself in Hannibal’s mesmerising eyes - as if he never wanted to let go. Hannibal nodded at the gratitude.

They were sitting next to each other, thighs touching. Will was fidgeting with his shirt sleeves, and Hannibal was sitting silently, sensing that Will had something he wanted to say.

“Erm- how did you know to do that? I- it usually takes a while for it to pass for me.” Will asked, glancing off to stare at one of the dull bathroom tiles painted with graffiti.

“My sister, Mischa, sometimes has panic attacks. And I’m always there for her throughout it. It pains me to watch her, and you, go through such a frightening experience. All I can do is be there, and offer my assistance.” he explained with a comforting smile.

“Well- uh. Thanks. For being there. I appreciate it.” Will replied.

“My pleasure. Do you want to go somewhere more sanitary that isn’t a boys bathroom?”

“Erm, sure.” Will said, with a voice of uncertainty.

“Don’t worry, I’m not up to murdering you.” he grinned, with a sparkling glint in his eyes. “I know a place where nobody goes. I discovered this place in my first few days here.” Hannibal stood up, offering a hand towards Will.

“Like to skip lessons often then?” Will asked, accepting his help. The touch of their hands were only together for two seconds, but to Will it felt like a century.

“What? Oh, erm. Yeah, all the lessons are like revision class, from my mother’s unnecessary tutoring. And it can be quite boring sometimes.” Hannibal said, rolling his eyes jokingly

“So, where is this mysterious place?” he asked, following Hannibal out of the bathroom.

“Well,” he said, looking back at Will, “you’ll have to wait and see, won’t you?”

“A mysterious place, for a mysterious boy.” Will grinned, and they both crept into the hallways making sure nobody could see them.

It was the least to say that Will was interested, no, fascinated by Hannibal. And he couldn’t wait to see what the short future held in place for him.

Chapter End Notes

hope you had fun seeing will be comforted by our fav cannibal :pp

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